

TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER.

And Her Baptism in Mid Ocean.

A Dramatic Moment as the Craft of Destruction Essays Its First Trip Down the Thames to the Sea—The Vessel and Her Mission.

She is moving down the Thames from Thornycroft's Yard at Chiswick to earn an instalment from the Admiralty, writes Harold Begbie to the Daily Mail, a long, lean, slate-colored torpedo-boat destroyer, 225 feet in length and sixteen feet in breadth, with her mast prone on the deck, her great funnels lashed to the steel ropes which form her bulwarks.

She looks as if she were creeping out of a flaming battle, instead of going out to test her engines for the first time in salt water. Incomplete-ness wears the countenance of ruin. Wooden pegs here and there occupy the place of steel bolts; the windows of the chart house are splashed with whitewash to announce the reality of glass; smoke belches close to the water level from the blunt base of the chimneys; the iron, the steel, and the wood have the raw tone of the yard; the bridge is without its rail—a shattered looking craft.

But she is fit to essay the sea. The naval engineers in their workmanlike overalls go to and fro examining the engines, watching the stokers, and holding conversation with the man testing compasses. We are sure of ourselves. The apprentices smoke their pipes and enjoy the crowded river. The pilot on the tall, upper deck calls to the man at the wheel, and our siren drives barges and row boats to the river banks.

DOWN THE RIVER.

We suck a great scoup of water from the river level with us at the bank, and a ceaseless wave pours foaming into this hollow as we forge carefully forward. Steamers and boats are set rocking violently in the wake of our 600 tons. People pause on the bridges to watch us as we come. Out of a gray heaven like descends in a striding hiss. We are making a dramatic entrance on the stage of the world.

The tide delays us at Westminster Bridge, and it is late in the afternoon before we get free of the Pool. The naval engineers, with pipes and boxes of wooden matches thrust into the breast-pockets of their overalls, pace up and down the deck, listening to the harmony of the engines, and shaking their heads over the possibility of reaching Southampton before midnight. A second delay at Greenwich to catch fading sunlight for the testing of the compasses puts this question out of debate. We make up our minds for a night at sea.

Daylight falls as we catch our first glimpse of ocean. Far ahead of us a fishing fleet stretches across the broad mouth of the river, the multitudinous masts shrouded mistily against mountainous white clouds which buttress a green sky. Behind us darkness intensifies. We are moving at a great pace, making a wide path of milky foam in the iron-colored water. The stokers are working with every muscle in their bodies, and sparks and flames begin to whirl out of our chimneys into the cold gloom. Twenty knots an hour and a clear course. We are racing to the open sea.

The wind drives at our faces. We lean against it with eyes screwed up, the lungs suffocated by its fulness the ears deafened by its fog. Everything on the deck trembles and flutters in the wind, one of the guns in its canvas jacket is tilted upward by its force. The river widens and the water darkens. The destroyer begins to pitch. Twenty-three knots an hour and the fishing fleet is lighting its lanterns. Wide and wider grows the river; it is almost the sea.

OUT TO SEA.

It seems now, standing on the upper deck beside the chart-house, and looking ahead of the two navigators standing shoulder to shoulder in their chattering oilskins, that the destroyer is conscious of the sea, and is racing forward to the baptism of Neptune. Never did thing made by man go so magnificently to her destiny. It is not a joy, or a pleasure or a delight that we feel now; it is ecstasy.

Out from our blunt chimneys, bathing the narrow deck in fire, leap flames of violet, and flames of crimson, with glittering sparks foaming out of them into the darkness like

fountain spray. To port and to starboard we stream a whirling smoke which looks like pine trees seen against a midnight sky. Behind us lies the long white foaming road which we have driven through the leaden surge. Over us is a grey sky. Ahead of us is the black sea and a trenchant gale.

And suddenly, racing to it at twenty-four knots an hour, the engines singing like a sewing machine, the night closing down upon us with a great blackness, we burst into the sea and Neptune, lifting up a great wave, hurls it at the destroyer, crashing at the glass of her chart house, drenching all her decks from bow to stern, and she is baptized to the sea. It is a moment of indescribable splendor. We are admitted to the sacrament of ocean. We are caught up into the solemnities of the storm. The thunder of the wind is not louder than the thunder of this new Thing's course; the gorgeous flames throbbing down by the wind till they make her a fiery cloak of glory like the veil of a novice; the sea breaks over her again and again, and she plunges into tempest embracing her life, rising at it, springing at it, glorying in it like a thing of flesh and blood, conscious only of itself and God.

The chief naval engineer comes to me on the upper deck and presently we enter the chart house together. He has been a grim, taciturn man till now, saying little to anyone, and uttering no delight in our venture. But now it is night; the apprentices and the chief men from Thornycroft are sleeping on tables and benches, and even in the funnels lashed to the decks, it seems as if only we two were alive on the plunging ship.

ENGINE MUSIC.

It is an hour when the least vocal of men feel the need of speech; and sitting in the chart house, smoking our pipes, our hands and faces drenched with sea water, he tells me his love for these destroyers. He has studied them all his life; they are his hobby, his passion. The engines make a music for him. Sitting here in the little chart house, on the tall upper deck, far ahead of the engines, he can hear what they are saying, and would know instantly if one tiny part sang out of harmony.

He does not love them as weapons of battle; he expresses no desire to handle them in a sea fight; but he loves them as beautiful works of man's brain, creations of the soul of humanity, things made as a god makes a universe.

Men have gone to and fro on the earth, picking up iron and steel and wood—the raw material of Providence, and here are these pickings and scrapings pieced together, welded and made strong by cunning of man's brain and the strength of his terrible hands, so that the tempest has no power over them. With the strength of nearly 8,000 horses we have driven this new thing out of the shipbuilder's yard into the rough waters of the sea, and she has not failed us. We have created; we have brought forth. The Chief Engineer smiles like a poet who has attained. It is dawn as we steam down the Solent, passing Netley, and a sad line of Cape boats lying idle for want of trade. It is a white and colorless dawn, with a few lights blinking sleepily from Southampton and soundlessness over the roofs. Our siren calls ceaselessly to awaken those who had expected us at midnight. We are angry with this sleeping milkwhite world. We slow down, and come to a standstill, snorting impatiently.

Presently from the side of the dock comes a rowboat pulled by a sleepy sailor, and we collect our baggage, and watch him, yawning and stamping our feet. The world seems a tame place now and slow. The ecstasy is over. We talk of beds and of breakfast on board the trains to London. The fires are out, the engines are still, the narrow decks are filthy with the cinders and soot and oil. But the destroyer has earned her instant money and the night lives in the memory. The chief engineer casts a final look at her from the side of the dock, turns up his coat collar, and goes away smoking his pipe in silence.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS IS CAUSED

By a thickening of the lining membrane of the middle ear owing to prolonged inflammation from Catarrhal germs. The only cure is fragrant, healing Catarrhazone one which is carried by the air you breathe to the remotest parts of the throat and ear; it reaches the source of the trouble and cures deafness permanently. Every sufferer from impaired hearing should use Catarrhazone which has effected many wonderful cures. You simply breathe its healing medicated vapor—very easy and pleasant. Do this and your hearing will be restored. Catarrhazone never fails; it is guaranteed. Two months' treatment for \$1.00 at druggists.

WAR HAS NOT CRIPPLED JAPAN

Trade and Commerce Has Increased Since War Began.

Tokio, May 27.—Baton Komura, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron Sone, Minister of Finance, and Baron Shibysawa addressed the Clearing House Association today. Baron Komura said the financial

capability of Japan had completely surprised the world. He was glad that Japan was showing a financial and productive ability as well as strength on the battlefield. The war, he said, would last long, and he trusted much in the commercial ability of the nation after the war was ended, when a greater prospect would be opened before the country. He expected, he said, further, that the commercial interests would do their utmost to develop and extend commerce. He also expected the introduction of foreign capital, and he counseled his hearers to facilitate this introduction by inspiring foreign capitalists with confidence in the country.

Baron Sone thanked the financial and commercial interests for their great assistance in financing the war. Baron Shibysawa said that the commerce and productive capacity of the nation was growing despite the war. The bank clearings, he said, for 1904 exceeded two million dollars, which amount was unprecedented. He expected that the bank clearings for 1905 would exceed two and a half million dollars.

An Old Cure For Scurvy.

Scurvy used to be regularly treated when it was possible by burying the patients up to their necks in fresh earth, a practice officially recommended in the British navy less than a century ago. Twenty of the crew of the frigate Blonde were so treated on the shore of Donna Maria bay, Santo Domingo. Holes were dug in the softest soil on the beach. Into each of these a man was put and buried to his chin, while a detachment of their shipmates was told off to keep the flies from their faces. They were kept in this position for two hours, and the treatment was so effective that four days later all the sufferers were able to rejoin the frigate.

Looking Glasses In Coffins.

One of the ancient customs connected with Swedish funerals was to place a small looking glass in the coffin of an unmarried female, so that when the last trump sounds she might be able to arrange her tresses. It was the practice for Scandinavian maidens to wear their hair flowing loosely, while the matrons wore it bound about the head and generally covered with some form of cap; hence the unmarried woman was imagined as awakening at the judgment day with more untidy locks than her wedded sisters and more in need of a glass.

The Ladder of Life.

All the events of a life are necessary to a higher development. The common task is a round by which we climb to glorious achievement. The ladder which leads us to perfection is made up of small events and small victories. In the economy of life nothing is useless and nothing is wasted. Everything in its place is the best thing for that place. Life is a law, not an accident. —A. J. C. Norris.

No Great Loss.

"I don't approve of suicide, of course." "Of course not." "No, but sometimes when I meet a self made man I feel it would be a good thing if he'd finish himself." —Philadelphia Ledger.

Awkward Mistake.

Mr. Gusch (looking at family portraits)—Ah, what a strong face your grandpa had. Was he a soldier? Miss Thrush—Sir! Soldier? That isn't grandpa! That's grandma!—San Francisco Examiner.

Some Men Learn

the Value of ADVERTISING

by not trying it. There are hundreds of men in the business world who have seen their competitors commence to advertise and loudly prophesied their failure. These have learned their mistake and paid a high price for their experience. To see your competitor prosper at your expense is far from pleasant. Others have thought that there might be something in

ADVERTISING.

but have perferred to wait and see how those who tried it came out.

These must now be content to occupy a position as "also rans" as the advertisers have forged so far ahead and gained such a foothold that it is a hard matter to dislodge them.

ADVERTISE YOUR GOODS.

The purchasing public expect to hear from you, if you have bargains to offer.

If you don't tell your story the man across the way

WILL

The public want bargains. If your prices are right, if your goods are seasonable, if your advertising is truthful and goes to the home, you will without a doubt be the owner of a busy store. Every business evening people read

THE DAILY HERALD

N MOST CASES

N THEIR HOMES.

A home-read paper assures business for its advertisers next day.

JOYS OF MATERNITY

A WOMAN'S BEST HOPES REALIZED

Mrs. Potts Tells How Women Should Prepare for Motherhood

The darkest days of husband and wife are when they come to look forward to childless and lonely old age. Many a wife has found herself incapable of motherhood owing to a displacement of the womb or lack of strength in the generative organs.



Mrs. Anna Potts

Frequent backache and distressing pains, accompanied by offensive discharges and generally by irregular and scanty menstruation indicate a displacement or nerve degeneration of the womb and surrounding organs. The question that troubles women is how can a woman who has some female trouble bear healthy children? Mrs. Anna Potts, of 510 Park Avenue, Hot Springs, Ark., writes:

My dear Mrs. Pinkham:—During the early part of my married life I was delicate in health; both my husband and I were very anxious for a child to bless our home, but I had two miscarriages, and could not carry a child to maturity. A neighbor who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advised me to try it. I did so and soon felt that I was growing stronger, my headaches and backaches left me, I had no more bearing-down pains, and I felt like a new woman. Within a year I became the mother of a strong, healthy child, the joy of our home. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly a splendid remedy, and I wish every woman who wants to become a mother would try it.

Actual sterility in woman is very rare. If any woman thinks she is sterile, let her try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free to expectant or would-be mothers.

THE C. P. R. AND EDMONTON.

Edmonton, N. W. T., May 26.—The Canadian Pacific has filed plans in the land titles office here of the extension of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway from its present terminal at Strathcona, across the North Saskatchewan into Edmonton.

A terminal and site for a station has been reserved by the Hudson Bay Company, west of Ninetieth street, near the Canadian Northern Railway crossing of the Saskatchewan. This extension makes Edmonton the terminal of the Calgary and Edmonton Branch of the C. P. R., preparatory to the eventual extension of the system to the coast through one of the northern passes of the Rockies.

HE DESERVED PITY.

His suffering from Sciatica was so great, but thanks to Nerviline he was cured. "I suffered for three years from sciatica," writes E. S. Jenkins of Portland, "and no man ever suffered more. I spent a small fortune on different remedies but the only one with real merit was Nerviline. I used a few bottles of Nerviline and was perfectly cured. I can recommend Nerviline as a sure cure for sciatica; it's excellent also for rheumatism and neuralgia." Try Nerviline, 25c. at all druggists.

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish—but won't wash clothes.

LINDSAY

Wishes to inform the public that the

Ice Cream Parlor

In his new Restaurant has been opened for the season. It is located up stairs and is reached by a separate entrance. Lunches of all kinds will be served here in addition to the most delicious Ice Cream and temperance drinks.

Lindsay's Restaurant is located on King street, and is the largest and best in the city. Anything you can't get at LINDSAY'S in the eatable line must be out of season.

Home-made Cooking fresh every day.

Boston Baked Beans and Brown rHead always on hand.

Hot dinners served daily at eleven o'clock, a. m. Lunches at all hours day and night.

Cold Meats always on hand, sliced to order.

All kinds of Fruit in season. Parties forgetting to secure their groceries or meats from the regular dealer can always buy them at Lindsay's. Lindsay serves breakfast at six o'clock every morning.

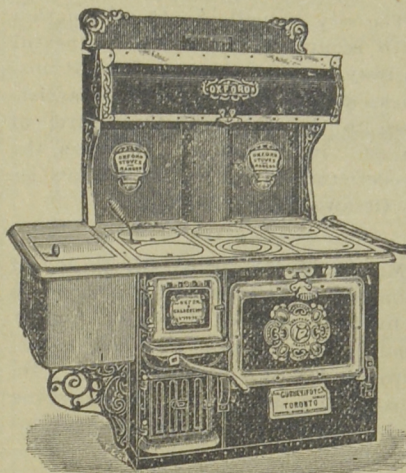
Telephone No. 16



Wood's Phospholine.

The Great English Remedy. A positive cure for all forms of Sexual Weakness, Mental and Brain Worry, Emissions, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, Effects of Abuse or Excess, all of which lead to Consumption, Infirmary, Insanity and an early grave. Price \$1 per bottle, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain package on receipt of price. Write for Pamphlet. The Wood Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

Wood's Phospholine is sold in 1½d-eriction by all Druggists.



The Woman Who Cooks

Knows a good Stove, and is satisfied with none but the best. She deserves the best. An

Oxford Chancellor Steel Range

Will fill the bill, and is as far ahead of an ordinary cooking stove as an electric light is superior to a tallow candle. Sold only by

JAMES S. NEILL, THE BIG HARDWARE STORE.

GREAT VALUE

Is to be seen in every garment we make, but it is especially noticeable in our



Fall and Winter Overcoats

MADE TO ORDER.

Why not call and have a talk about the matter. We can give you some interesting points. You may want a Suit to order. If such is the case we are ready with a splendid line of Fall and Winter Materials.

Would also like to quote you prices for a stylish Fur-lined Coat.

JAS. R. HOWIE, 150 Queen St.

FOR A NEW SUIT TO SUIT YOU

CALL ON

SEERY.

I have in stock all the latest in checks and stripes to choose from. Also a very fine line of Serges.

JUST OUT!

BRITISH COLUMBIA ILLUSTRATED

Containing 14 pages, up-to-date in everything. Size 12x15

Illustrating the Boundless Resources of

The Richest Province in the British Empire

Its coal, oil, and timber; its fisheries on sea, lake and river; its mineral and agricultural resources; its cities and towns; its river, lake and mountain scenery, especially illustrating its great mining development, with views of all the principal mines, mills, smelters, etc.

Sent Post-Free on receipt of price, \$1.00

Address, JAMES LAWLER, Rossland, B. C.

The largest advertiser in and for British Columbia and author of "Millions Made in Mines," "Press Clippings and Valuable Information," "A Rift in Clouds." For B. C., &c., &c.

BEST BUY IN B. C., CANADA, AT 15 CENTS GREATEST GOLD DISCOVERY OF THE AGE IS IN B. C.

The Big Four

Consolidated Gold Mines, Limited.

Capital \$625,000, of which 35 per cent. in shares is now in our Treasury. Shares Fully paid and non-assessable.

Mines directly west of the LeRoi and LeRoi No. 2, War Eagle and Centre Star, four of the largest gold-copper mines in the world, all of which have paid large dividends. Same identical ore and veins now in sight on the BIG FOUR. Large ore bodies. Assays from \$5 to \$800 in gold, copper, etc. Very rich display as now on exhibit in the city or exhibit, causing wide comment. We have nearly two miles of railway on Big Four property with water and timber in abundance. Rossland ore shipments for 1902, 350,000 tons. Shipped for 1903, about 400,000 tons. 1904 about 480,000 tons. Total value of Rossland ores mined, \$81,000,000.

Rossland's large ore bodies are a great success with the concentration system of ore reduction. \$500 ore now pays to mine as now proved by the latest reports and dividends. No less than 100 shares sold. Shares can be had on installment plan, payments monthly. Twenty per cent. cash, balance within a year. Company has no debts or liabilities and a full force of men now working. References.—The Hon. Mayor, Gold Commissioner, postmaster, or any bank or business man in city. There is a tide in the affairs of men Which taken at the flood, lead on to fortune. Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Please Note Price at 15 CENTS PER SHARE For One Month.

Any amount less than \$100 send post office or express money order; over this amount, by draft to Secretary Big Four Consolidated Gold Mines, Ltd., Rossland, B. C., Canada.

Order Blanks and our most comprehensive and complete Illustrated Prospectus showing all Rossland mines and giving valuable information, with Maps and Reports from Mining engineers, sent only to investors or those desiring to invest. Sent free on receipt of 10 cents in stamps for postage.